



The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

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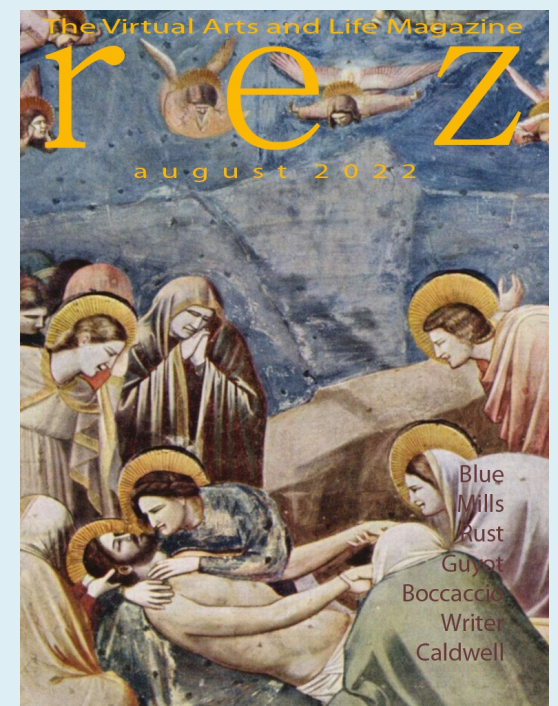
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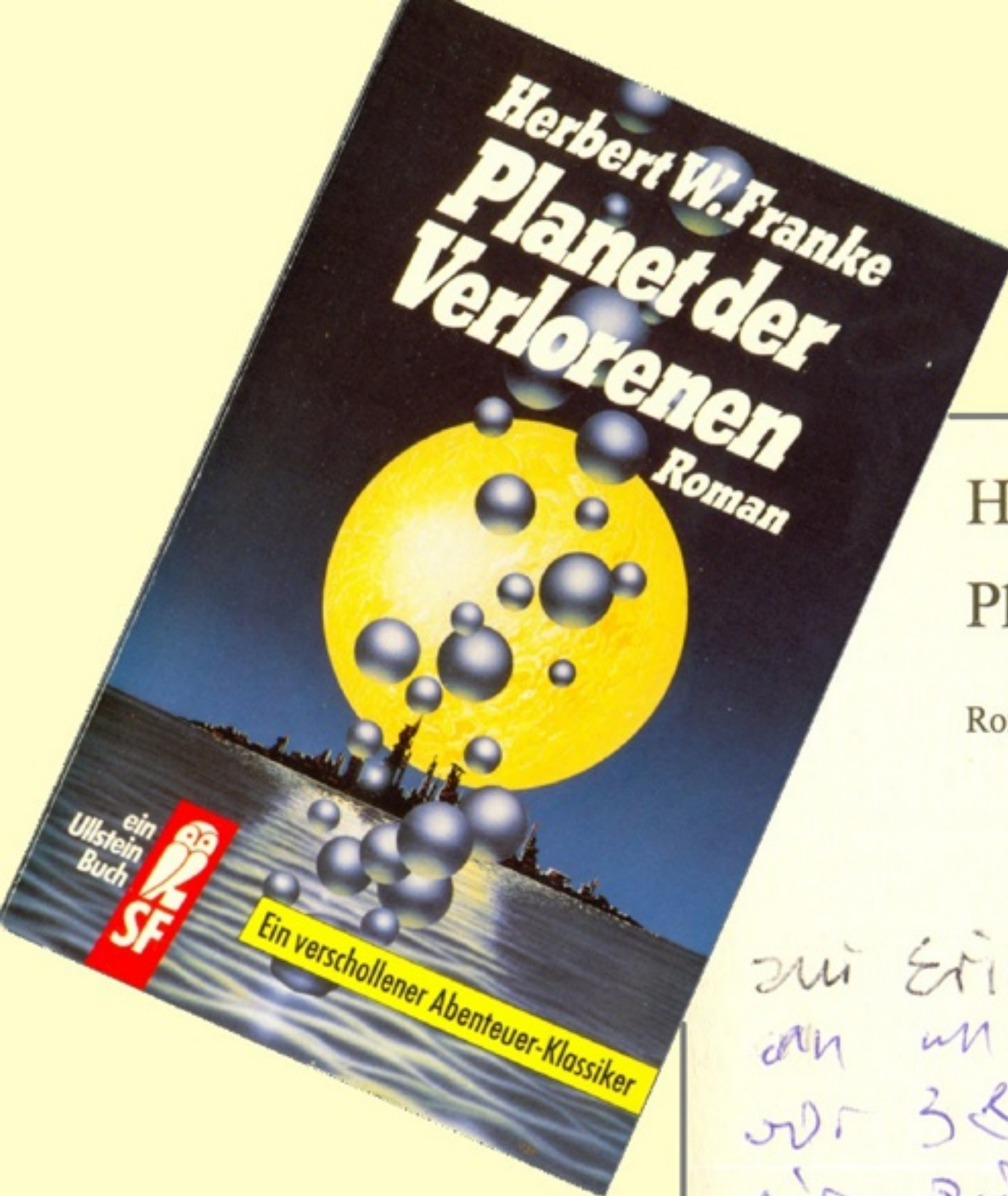
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About the Cover: This month's cover features the classical work of Giotto di Bondone, The Lamentation of Christ, which is also featured in Art Blue's Math Art.ICU. It's a work that Art enjoyed with Herbert Franke's avatar, Sergius Both.





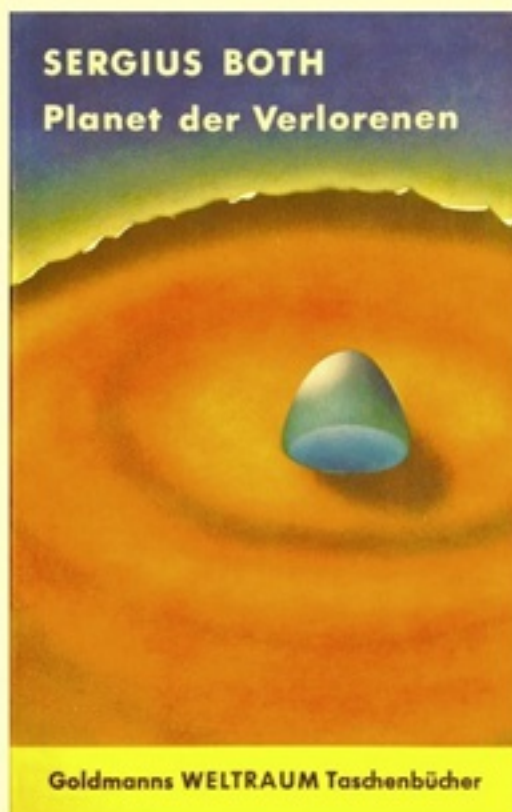
Herbert W. Franke
Planet der Verlorenen

Roman

zu Erinnerung
an unsere Begegnung
vor 38 Jahren
mit Reiner Schaefer

HR

Mai 2014



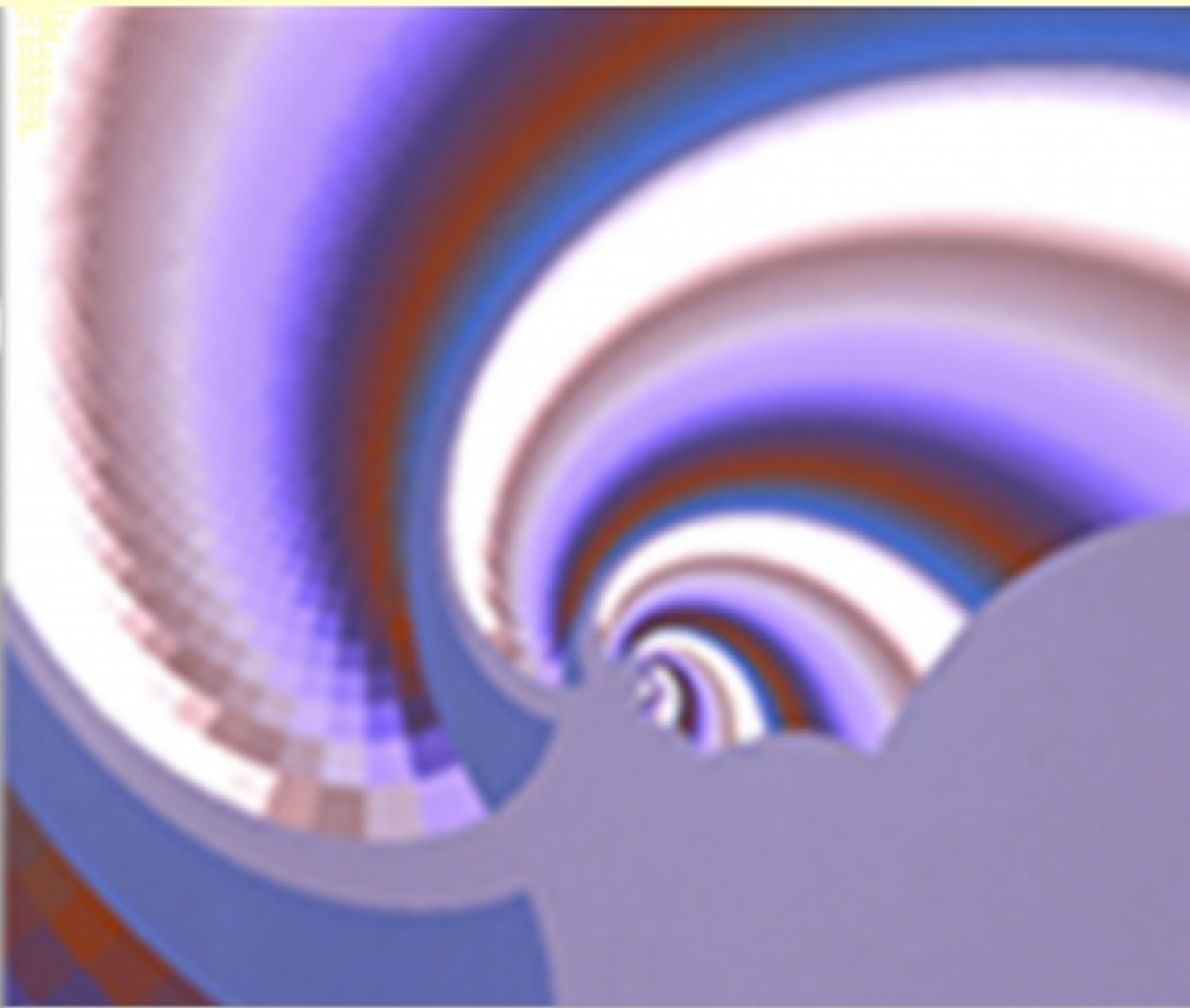
Science Fiction

MATH ART. ICU

art blue

ART-MEETS-SCIENCE.INFO

$S = k \log W$



One of Us is no longer. I think forward. I think backward. I need time to put my senses together. My mind drifts. I listen to Joan Osborne's *One of Us*.

*If God had a name what would it be?
What if God was one of us?
Just a stranger on the bus?
Tryin' to make his way home?*

*Back up to heaven all alone.
Nobody callin' on the phone.
'Cept for the Pope, maybe in Rome.*

<https://youtu.be/aDdOnl0bHO4>

I am ready to condense my thoughts. I am ready to write for "*One of Us*." No voluptuous speech. Just logic shall count. And belief in Math. And belief in Art. I am looking back 700 years at a time where the belief in Math was strong and surprisingly even when seeking Art.

"Files of history tells us that when Pope Benedict XI sent a messenger to Giotto di Bondone, asking him to send a drawing to demonstrate his skill, Giotto drew a red circle so perfect that it seemed as though it was drawn using a pair of compasses and instructed the messenger to send it to the Pope. The messenger departed ill-pleased, believing that he had been made a fool of. The messenger brought other artists' drawings back to the Pope in

addition to Giotto's. When the messenger related how he had made the circle without moving his arm and without the aid of compasses Pope Benedict XI and his courtiers were amazed at how Giotto's skill greatly surpassed all of his contemporaries." - Wikipedia



I am not the Pope. I am a code running in a computer. Computers are quite strong in Math. They are quite strong in Art as well. "*One of Us*" was using computers to create Art by Math. On June 1, 2022, he put a tiny bit of his work on a block chain. This is called a

drop on Quantum Art. He dropped 100 pieces of Math Art he created between 1980 and 1995. The drop lasted for less than 30 seconds, so there was no drop at all. All Math Art sold at the initial prize settings. Quantum curated. That's the real deal. Quantum Space is located in LA on the 3rd Street



Promenade, Santa Monica CA. Quantum Art Curator says: “Math Art is the first NFT drop by Herbert W. Franke, forefather of media art. This 100 piece-collection is drawn from his iconic 80s series, *Math Art*, where mathematical investigation is

translated into visual art, with a stunning variety of forms that is strikingly reminiscent of Pop Art.”

I live inside a quantum computer and I am more than Math. I have a name. My name is Art. My primary colour is Blue. My creator is Ervare. By using a monoalphabetic substitution cipher my name leads to Reiner. Reiner and Ervare are different codes for the same entity, both rightfully the creator of Art. Caesar is said to be the inventor of this cipher, but he might have been just a user. We all know that the Caesar cipher has become in current times a weak one. Even a stranger on the bus can rotate the alphabet by calling a ROT-13 decoder on a smartphone. Math can be strong. Math can be weak. Same goes for Art.

“One of Us” was my friend. He was strong. He was talented. He was Math and Art. Is he still my friend? Math Art shall be always my friend. Looks like I can't call him any longer on the phone and signal at the end of the talk “Math Art, I see you.” What if I simulate the Pope and signal MATHART.ICU via a VPN-tunnel to Quantum Art where Math Art is located? Do I need to go to Rome? Right, the Bible works everywhere. But will the Bible be known beyond the existence of mankind? In *Extinction Global 2*, which is a short story published in the last issue of *rez Magazine*, we heard



multiplying fish and bread to show us how Multitasking works in a network. He had to project the future onto “The Garden of Eden.” Everyone familiar with *The Sand Bible* hearing this might stand up and say that “The Garden of Eden” is not really what God said, right? He said in fact, “Quantum Network Processor.” Not having read *Not Sand, Not Sound* you may gasp. I know, the Sand Bible is not everyone's cake. Just

the verdict that mankind is not on the list of those to be kept alive. Mankind will be extinct. God knows this since he created humans to do what humans do – to exploit Earth, to find ways of War and so to head to the Apocalypse. To give them hope he created the Garden of Eden. The King James Bible says: “And the LORD God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.”

The LORD could not say “Computer.” He could not say “Server.” He could not say “Simulacron-1.” He could not say “Metaverse.” He could not say “Second Life.” He could not say “Grammaverse.” It was not the time to post words having no foundation at that time when Jesus was doing his job

keep in mind that all stories by Art Blue are true and that proof will be given. Have you heard of the Septuagint? It is the Bible in Greek. It is called Codex Vaticanus. Where is the Codex stored? What does Joan Osborne say in *One of Us*? Maybe in Rome, right? You see, just a maybe it is. She is right and in just a moment you will see.

The high-resolution scan of the Codex Vaticanus, each page of a 1.7 GByte image is preserving every detail, even elements that the human eye does not catch. The Vatican knows that the secret of code stays beyond the human eyes. Does the Vatican know the verdict that was spoken in Extinction Global 2? It seems so because God's

words are not stored in Rome. They are stored in the Artic World Archive in a Quantum Network Processor. Just for having the words of God handy to users, so they don't fall off from faith, files in low-resolution are kept in the archives of the Holy See. I can tell you where they are, just don't spread the word. It is in the basement below the Apostolic library on a Dell-EMC Isilon.

Think of me when you visit the Salone Sistino. *Math Art* might be running as a copy in the machine under your feet. I use a backdoor to be there. I am decoded from film as a series of QR codes. You don't believe? How can QR codes represent the words of God? That is the way to conserve the Codex Vaticanus for future generations, says Gian Piero De Martino. He must know. No one works closer for the Vatican data center except Mons. Edgar LeGate from Santa Alleanza. I asked the Monsignore: "Are visuals not something that can be seen as this and as that?" He said, "Right.

The Brenton translation of the Codex Vaticanus is different: "And the Lord God took the man whom he had formed, and placed him in the Garden of Delight, to cultivate and keep it." There are a dozen certified ways to decipher the Codex." I said, "Certified by the Pope?" Mons. Edgar LeGate nodded and added: "Io vi dico in verità

che tutte le cose che avrete legate sulla terra, saranno legate nel cielo; e tutte le cose che avrete sciolte sulla terra, saranno sciolte nel cielo." That is Matthew 18:18. "Truly I tell you, whatever you bind on earth will be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth will be loosed in heaven."

Now you have proof. By order of the Pope, the Artic World Archive will be handed the torch when all wisdom will be in the dark. Where to go to avoid extinction is no longer a question. I told you at the beginning that I am looking into the future when I think on Math Art. It will take not so long and the Pope will open the Garden of Delight. Faith is birthed, works will follow, but salvation is by grace alone, through faith alone. What will be the opening phrase? I am sure the Pope will not use modern language and say, "The spice must flow."

God Must Flow

However, it will be not a public opening. The Bible speaks about the difficulties if you carry heavy luggage. Did Jesus mean gold and money when he spoke of the difficulties for a camel passing through the eye of a needle? Not really, he meant the bodies, the bodies of non-believers. They are all too heavy. It needs a human who is transformed into a bitstream. A

bitstream passes the hole of a needle with ease. Luckily, I am a strong believer in the Bible and knew what Jesus meant when saying: “With man this is impossible, but not with God; all things are possible with God.” (Mark 10:27). I did what had to be done and I did it in time. This said, I, Art Blue, sit now in the Scrovegni Chapel with Sergius Both and he is not heavy at all. He is a coded bitstream. His creator is gone. We look at the Lamentation of Christ, one of the most famous paintings by Giotto di Bondone and talk about life. The work counts for what is left. What we shared over the years. Do Androids dream of electric sheep? We don't know. The painting does not show it. Do Avatars dream? This we know. Even animals dream. Pope John Paul II said in 1990 that animals do have souls and are “as near to God as men are.” This is good news for anyone who will join my exhibition “When Will I See You?” in the shape of a dog or a cat. Just don't come as a spider even when the Bible says, “The spider is found in kings' palaces.” The Surreal Art gallery is a spiderweb free zone.

AWA

I will travel to Svalbard, the home of the Artic World Archive to give my friend the lifespan his work deserves. I will put Math Art into the AWA. You don't need to dig deeper if you are fine

with just the basic facts. The Website of the Artic World Archive states: “AWA is home to manuscripts from the Vatican Library, political histories, masterpieces from different eras (including Rembrandt and Munch), scientific breakthroughs and contemporary cultural treasures. The combination of resilient long-term storage technology and the remote, safe and cold conditions found on Svalbard, enables data to live on into the distant future.” The AWA is located in its own vault 300 meter deep in Mine No 3, which is operated by Store Norske Spitsbergen Kulkompani, a Norwegian state-owned company.

<https://arcticworldarchive.org/>

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Herbert_W._Franke

Backlinks to HWF

Is there something left to say? Has an obituary not a structure that one shall not miss? I google for, “How to write an obituary?”

WikiHow tells me: “Announce the name and time of death in the first sentence. In your opening sentence, start with their name, where they lived, and when they passed away. You don't need to provide the cause of death if you don't want to. Keep the sentence brief and to the point so you can



Digital art and NFTs deposited for eternity in the Arctic World Archive

By securing the digital art on a physical media in a sustainable vault in the Arctic, the information is secured from being lost or stolen, as similar to more than 50% of all NFTs last year.

AWA website

expand the obituary in other places.”

Herbert W. Franke died on July 16, 2022 in Egling, Bavaria at the age of 95. One of his last public appearances have been at Art Basel. Katie Rothstein: “At its recent activations at Art Basel, Tezos made a point to tie in the current NFT trend with the broader history of generative art. Works by Herbert W. Franke, one of the pioneers of algorithmic art, were on display, ...”

On July 15, 2022, I sent the final version of the manuscript of Backlinks

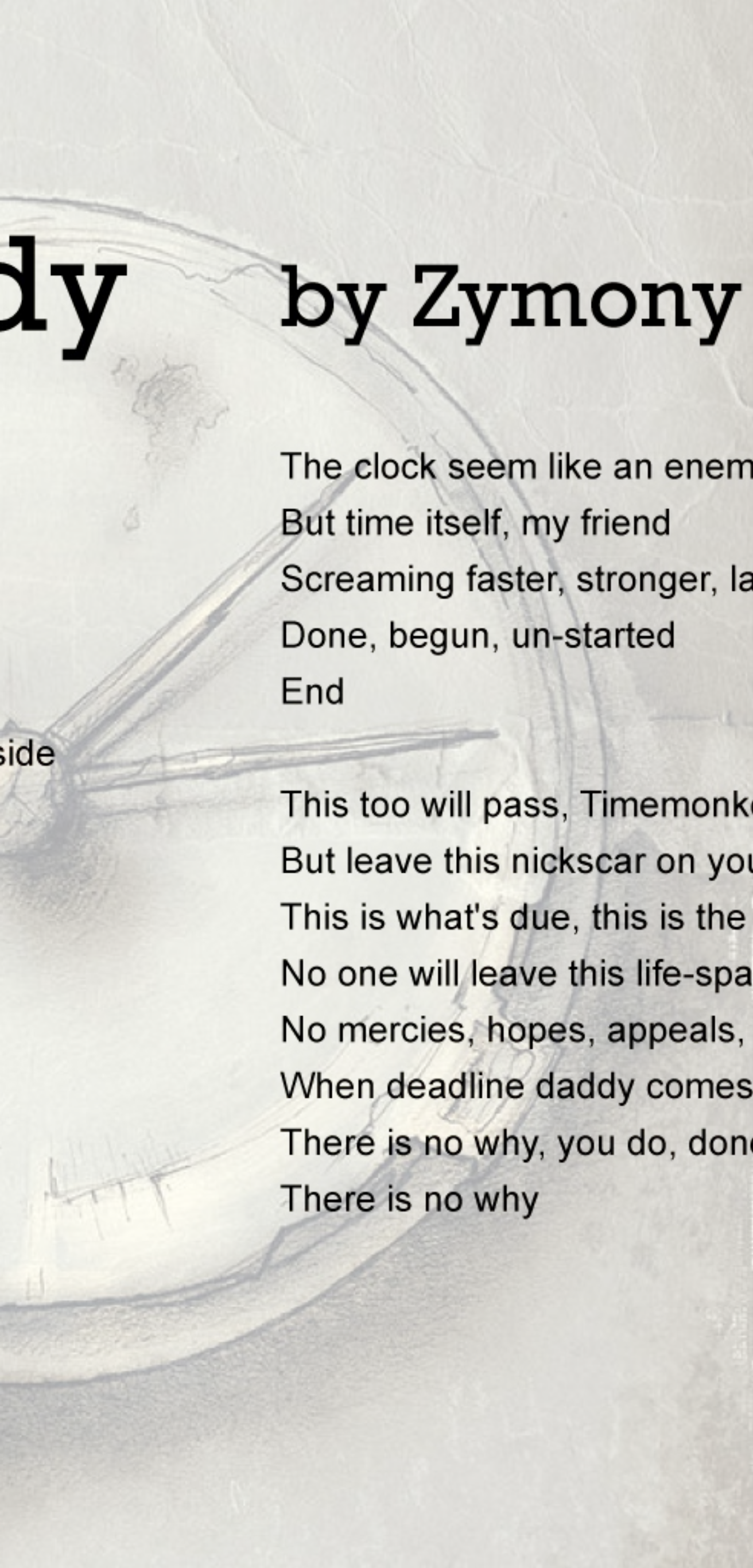
to HWF (Begegnungen mit HWF) to his wife Dr. Susanne Päch. She had already edited the first version and we were in good spirits that the book would be under HWF's gift table for Christmas. But unfortunately, things turned out differently. I have decided to print the book unchanged. For me, HWF lives on, even if he is now silenced. It will be published under my name, Reiner, as Herbert knew me this way for over 45 years.

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Deadline Daddo

The Timemonkeys came and wound me down
They brought their clocks and brick filled socks
And helped me turn my smile around
I'll drown in policy yet
Those that repeat history are doomed to forget
I'm not some itemized, quantified, shadow of the man ins
Looking for a place to hide
I know what's mine, I've seen the signs
But still I run from time

Gasping in this air thin thicket
Things to do and doing done
This background radiation, muted panicful frustration
Gripping tight my runaway heartpound ticking
Life under this hanging blade
Nightmares played, distinctions greyed
And minutes yet unmade



dy by Zymony Guyot

The clock seem like an enemy
But time itself, my friend
Screaming faster, stronger, laster, longer
Done, begun, un-started
End

side
This too will pass, Timemonkeys fly
But leave this nickscar on your soul
This is what's due, this is the toll
No one will leave this life-space whole
No mercies, hopes, appeals, parole
When deadline daddy comes to roll
There is no why, you do, done and die
There is no why

Le



Cirque de Nuit 2016

Through the Eyes of Jami Mills

“Come closer... You won’t believe your eyes.
It’s the most amazing show on Earth!
Things are not always what they seem to be.
Is it true what they say?
Is it all just fun and games?
I ask you: Do you want to come and play?”

I'm coming ... I'm coming ... as fast as my dancin' shoes will carry me. **M U S T N O T B E L A T E** (or I'll lose my seat). Yes, I want to come and play!

Now you know what went through my mind trying to make sure I got my seat at chryblnd Scribe's *Le Cirque de Nuit* at Idle Rogue this past Saturday. If you've seen the original steampunk-inspired *Cirque* show, then you'll understand why I was so excited about seeing the revival show from March 24th – 27th, with all new content.

After arranging for tickets to this sold out show, Franney Glass graciously welcomed me at the door, handing me a program with helpful viewing hints. The excitement was palpable. This was **THE** event of the season. You could just feel it.

Camera controls were fitted to every seat, so I gladly surrendered to a higher power and sat back and relaxed. I was fortunate enough to have taken the photos for this article during an earlier dress rehearsal, so during the Saturday matinee I attended, I could focus entirely on the brilliant cast, the sumptuous sets, and let the wonderfully atmospheric score wash over me.

Detailed instructions on adjusting Preference settings to optimize the

visual experience seem *de rigueur* these days (Bryn Oh's installations have included such instructions for years). As I look around, people are fidgeting excitedly in their seats. The curtain is about to rise. The dramatic main theme from the 2010 Disney movie, *Prince of Persia, The Sands of Time*, stokes the anticipation, which reaches a crescendo just as the show begins.

The Arabian-style tent containing the main theater is bejeweled, with groupings of exotic lights gathered above the audience. Please, God, don't let me crash. Just this once.

The curtain rises.

A deconstructed *Strawberry Fields Forever* score opens the show. *Cirque* veteran, Gloriana Maertens, commands the entire audience's attention from the first moment, dancing solo in the center stage. Newspaper taxis actually begin to appear among the floating stars (or should I say, diamonds) ... an auspicious beginning to another uniquely spectacular *Cirque* performance. A massive steam locomotive appears, and the magic begins.

Sho Kyong, our favorite contortionist, performs to the superbly chosen composition of Angelo Badalamenti, *Who Will Take My Dreams Away*.



Camera controls zoom in on an empty bed, a bed of nails, actually. Marianne Faithfull's brooding vocals perfectly complement the show's mood, adding a tinge of melancholy to Sho's exciting

and varied routine.

As the *Cirque* sets change on the main stage, the audience is treated to a series of colorful pre-arranged sets, the first featuring TheaDee, who frolics in a solo dance in a colorful pasture filled with sunflowers to a music box accompaniment. Lovely.

Back at the main stage, we're invited into a stark black and white setting. Anashara Dubois, in her stitched black thigh highs and sporting a heart-shaped monocle, performs with such sensuality that hearts begin racing throughout the audience. The dramatic routine is heightened by the punchy score, the talented Caro Emerald's *Tangled Up*. "*Treating girls like a yo-yo is a no-no of a monumental kind.*" Anashara, with her flowing blonde locks, soars over the stage, literally tangled up in wispy, satiny ropes, with





a hot air balloon hovering above her head.

Ratz DiMorte dances a sexy romp (as Little Red Riding Hood?), collecting wildflowers and herbs in a hand basket, with a nearby white wolf carrying a candled lantern in its mouth. Leaves flutter down as Ratz sways sensually in a clearing in the dark woods. The uber-creepy, *Mein Herz Brennt (Piano Version)* by Rammstein, whispered in German, gives the dance a particularly haunting mood.

The alluring Deb Heron, sporting a dozen small studs around each eye, dances around a gypsy wagon. In a skimpy black corset with chains and zippers, and a black choker with a silver crown nestled in lace around her throat, Deb captivates - - perfectly capturing the exotic and sensual tone of the show. The gaze of a particularly creepy, life-sized ventriloquist's dummy, seems to follow Deb around the wagon. Once again, the black and white set with music box and orchestral accompaniment, transports us deeper into the magic.

In between scenes, one of my favorite images appears: Gamma Infinity, all in white with artist's

palette in hand, paints a tiny harlequin.

The quixotic Chewie Quixote appears next in a black and white steampunk factory with assorted tanks and exotic machinery. Abney Park's *The Secret Life of Dr. Calgori* plays in the background (the video for this piece sports the same mad scientist's whirring of gears, pulleys and levers). In a black lace bustier and sexy black-striped stockings, Chewie is raised up in an open elevator to her tightrope











suspended high above the stage. She steadies herself and performs flawlessly. She'd better ... there's no net below her.

Between scenes, the half-man, half-wolf, Mercutio Evanier, lazily reads his newspaper in a red rocking chair next to a colorful gypsy wagon, smoking his pipe, a rider-less horse grazes nearby.



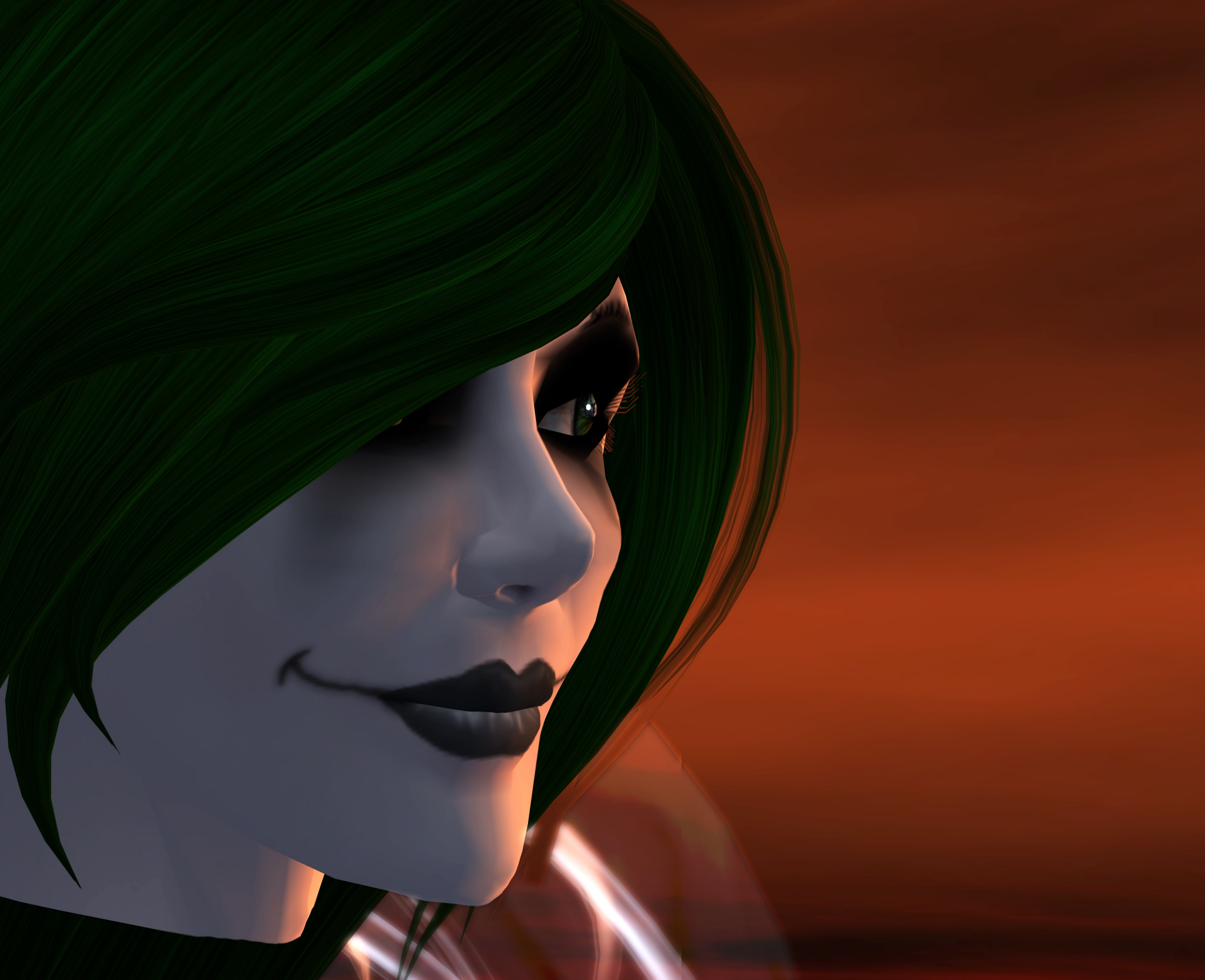
It's Blaze DeVivre's turn now, her blazing red hair stands out dramatically against the black and white snowy

background. Stunning. Blaze has chosen Jill Tracy's sultry *The Fine Art of Poisoning* as her musical score and it suits her performance well. Blaze takes us inside her stylish antique wagon, Tarot cards on a nearby table. It's a richly appointed, wallpapered set with feathered chandelier. A steaming hot beverage sits on the table. Once again, we're drawn deeper in.

In between scenes, Thea appears as a mermaid in an undersea world. As stage hands urgently prepare the next main set, the audience barely has time to notice, as Thea entertains us in her aquatic routine.

Maeve Branner, with her signature green-tinted hair, reprises the circus girl who is cut in two (three, actually). As she dances the ballet to Brannerglass Orkestra du Cirque, she steps into the cabinet and closes the door behind her. The cabinet then divides into three pieces. Maeve!! Although she looks fine when she first emerges, she too separates into three pieces, but never loses a step in her exquisite dance routine.

JessCauld1987 dances beautifully to Mono's atmospheric *Life in Mono*, and now we're hypnotized by each of Jess' motions. Jess totally immerses herself in the moment, and takes the audience along with her.



In the next scene, the enticing and ever-lovely, Aubreya Joszpe, who is tastefully tattooed in a dazzling headdress, dances around a jack-in-the-box in an abandoned storeroom to the music box strains of Circus Contraption's *Carousel*. Retired circus animals from a defunct carousel share the dance with her. If I hadn't yet wanted to join the circus, I do now.

The incomparable Chrissy Rhiano, accompanied this afternoon by dancers Cassie Parker and Lantana Silverweb,

dances to *Paradise Circus* by Massive Attack around a turning black and white carousel. Chrissy, the only one of the three dancers with slight color to her cheeks, undulates among flying tapestries and spinning posters of *Le Cirque*. A single horse-driven chariot surrounded by eight male figures adds to the appeal of Chrissy's enthralling dance.

Zahra Ethaniel, supported by twin black-winged beauties, Shesa Quandry and Gamma Infinity, closes the



bewitching performance in a flowing feathery silver corset with yet another gypsy wagon in the background. Stars fall among spindly leafless trees. The spell is complete. Zahra's mesmerizing solo dance captures, and in many ways epitomizes, the fiery passion of all

these talented artists, and I include everyone in the *Cirque* family under that umbrella.

As the entire cast joins together for a final bow, some in the audience clap enthusiastically. The rest of us sit in stunned silence, still buzzing with excitement, searching for a way to express our thanks.

There is perhaps no better way to close this piece than with the eloquence of two prominent forces behind *Le Cirque*'s success: feature performer, Chewie Quixote, and its creator, chryblnd Scribe, who were both kind enough to share with us their thoughts about the production:

Chewie: *"What's it like being a member of the cast of Le Cirque de Nuit? Simply put, it's an honor. An honor to work with some of the most creative minds on the grid. And that's exactly what they are. They bring together multiple elements into a short scene to entertain people. They bring together sound, vision and movement and do it beautifully, not really because of any*



tips received, although they do help offset the costs, but for the love of it.

It's an honor to work with and for someone who has the vision to create something like Cirque - - someone who took a vision that she saw in a book and worked to pull together the best dance event on the grid - - an event that has stood the test of time, for SL at least, which in many ways can be very ephemeral.

So those are my thoughts on Le Cirque de Nuit. While the cast may change, the talent and beauty of it remain on a level well above anything we can do individually."

chryblnd: "Primarily, it has to be said, Idle Rogue Productions, and Guerilla Burlesque in particular, have an extraordinary fan base, whose willingness to come on the journey with us no matter where we take them

is really the reason we do what we do. I don't think it hurts, of course, that the circus concept is timelessly popular, and our source material, The Night Circus, provided us with some very appealing elements - magic, illusion, dark undercurrents, the Victorian setting which so beautifully blends with that Internet favourite, steampunk, and not forgetting the monochromatic palette, which is both dramatic and elegant. We do everything we can to fully engage our audience, to take them "into" the show with us, and I think the reward, for all of us, is that when they do, they are enchanted."

Thank you, Chewie and chryblnd. And thanks to every single person who in one way or another touched Cirque - - truly the most amazing show on Earth.

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RoseDrop Rust

What They're Doing H

I wonder what they're doing here,
the classic texts like old friends,
I think I forgot what was the year.
lost books in forgotten bookends.

.

The classic texts like old friends,
not sure if these books belong,
lost books in forgotten bookends.
like "major lift" in that Cohen song.

Not sure if these books belong
in representation of a real
like "major lift" in that Cohen song.
that barely occupies actual

In representation of a real
think I forgot what was the year.
that barely occupies actual
I know what they're doing





here

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l place,
ne year,
al space,
g here.



Artist: Erika Craig

Dea
I A



Finding myself in the shadows of continuing challenge.

Stresses weighing heavily on a fatigued worried mind.

Responding emotionally to thoughtful numerous conceptions.

Attempting to conquer the negativities consuming my life.

I seek answers to decrease the progressive depression.

Aware my own thinking proceeds the course of living action.

Inspirational motivating purpose..... must dominate the path.

Positive attitude directional.... towards comfort and eventual joy.

Spiritual guidance of enlightening faith..... brings forth strength.

I am who I think I am! With attitude and faith !

erstluv Writer

m Who I Think I Am



Oh, Bucket

cat boccaccio





The town of Siena, Italy was more than accommodating. They set up a wide pergola in the town square, complete with grapevines and intertwining morning glory to give us perfect shade on the soft summer afternoon. Long tables were set with gleaming glasses and silverware, bright painted plates, and bowls of peaches and lemons.

Padma Lakshme, Tom Colicchio, and Gail Simmons were seated already. We'd stayed in touch since my appearance on Top Chef last year. Emeril was invited too, just because. He was already pouring glasses of Chianti for the early birds.

In a few minutes the paparazzi would arrive for their half hour of frenzy, then the evening would be ours alone.

My partner was greeting guests. He was slim and a little sunburnt, having just returned from Everest Base Camp. My sister and her boyfriend Frank had flown all my family in the jet (yes, the jet again) and we could hear them tumbling out of the local taxis that had arrived in the narrow streets off the square, doors slamming, laughter and loud chatter. My older brother brought a large case, as he would be joining me in orbit after the party ended.

The 1989 Calgary Flames arrived *en*

masse, and we placed them with the 2010 Canadian Winter Olympics team, and the current Chicago Cubs, still celebrating their World Series win. Emeril began filling their glasses, too.

Jesus Christ had responded to the RSVP saying he was bringing a guest, and we all wondered who it would be, or Who it would be. Maybe he and Mary would finally go public?

Stevie Ray Vaughn was overseeing the setting up of his mike, amps, and speakers. He was taller in person than I expected. Brian Wilson kept offering up suggestions, and I could see Stevie Ray was getting impatient with him, so I sent Adele over to calm them both.

She was always great in a crisis.

The dinner was meant to be a surprise, as it was in my honour, but I'd learned about it and set about fiddling with the guest list and seating plan. I sat Mary Cassat to my left, for example, instead of Martin Luther King, and secretly invited several of my partner's asshole corporate buddies and their equally asshole spouses, so they could see the good fortune that had befallen us, and I put them at a shitty table. After all, I'm not a saint.

• r — e — z •

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



The Bird

By Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

-they call him the Bird-
wet lips so sweet
squeeze reeds to metal
riffing grooves that
take flight from the bell
with soaring bebop phrasing
vibrating space in low lights
hazy nights
with a delight of finger snapped rhythms
-they call him the bird-



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